

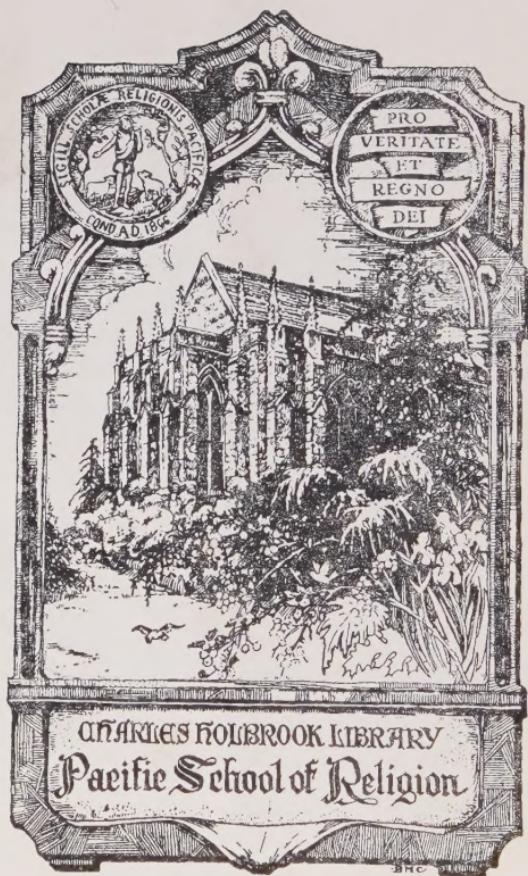
PROCEEDINGS
AT THE
CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATION
OF THE ORGANIZATION OF THE
BERKSHIRE ASSOCIATION
OF
CONGREGATIONAL MINISTERS,

HELD AT STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., OCTOBER 28, 1863.

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE BY PROF. ALBERT HOPKINS, LL.D.

BOSTON:
J. E. FARWELL AND COMPANY, PRINTERS,
37 CONGRESS STREET.
1864.

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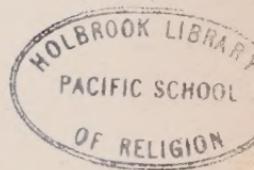
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PROCEEDINGS.

Early in the year 1863 measures were taken, by the two Associations of Congregational Ministers now included within the boundaries of Berkshire County, to secure some fitting commemoration of the organization of the parent Association, which was formed one hundred years previously. Committees were appointed to act jointly in the matter. The result of their action was a commemorative gathering at the ancient town of Stockbridge, which will long be remembered by those present, whether inhabitants of Berkshire or residents elsewhere. At the close of the commemorative services, it was voted to publish some account of the proceedings, and the undersigned were charged with the duty of publication. They have not been able to reproduce the occasion as fully, or as truly, as to some may seem desirable. The sparkling and varied addresses called forth at the closing festivities of the dinner-table, as they were made *impromptu*, so also — with the exception of those of Pres. Hopkins and Rev. Mr. Durfee — they were not caught by any reporter for preservation. We trust, however, that the preservation of these, with the very appropriate and interesting discourse of Prof. Hopkins, will be the sufficient warrant for the publication of this pamphlet in its present form. Nor can the Committee send these pages to the press without expressing their thanks to the Rev. Mr. Durfee for the great interest he has manifested, not only in other respects, but especially in relieving them of almost the entire care of the publication of this Memorial.

NAHUM GALE,
N. H. EGGLESTON,
Committee.

It was on the 28th of October, 1863,—a bright and beautiful day,—when the citizens of Stockbridge, and delegates or representatives from nearly all the Congregational Churches in the County, assembled in the Meeting-house at Stockbridge, to commemorate the organization of the Berkshire Association of Ministers, one hundred years ago. The gathering was large. The gentlemanly marshals, William Whitney, Esq., Frederick H. Jones, Esq., and Joseph R. French, Esq., were especially attentive to all strangers present, to see that they were pleasantly seated and furnished with tickets to the collation, which the people of Stockbridge had generously provided. The Rev. Dr. Todd, of Pittsfield, presided, and added interest to the occasion by the felicity with which he gave direction to all the exercises; which were full three hours at the Church, and nearly as long at the Hotel, and ended when all would gladly have lingered longer, but time forbade.

The services were commenced with singing the Anthem: “How beautiful upon the Mountains.”

A portion of Scripture was then read and prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Holley, formerly of Sandisfield.

The Address of welcome was then delivered by the Rev. N. H. Eggleston, of Stockbridge.

A D D R E S S .

BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—

On behalf of the two Associations meeting here to-day, and on behalf of the church whose home this is, it is my privilege to tender you all a hearty welcome to this place and to these services, held in commemoration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the formation of the Berkshire Association of Congregational Ministers.

We deem it, for us, a happy assignment that you meet with this most Ancient Church of the County, which dates its existence more than thirty years previous to the organization of the Association. A significant fact it is, that for more than a third of a century from the time its settlement began, there was no such simple organization in the length and breadth of this County as that of an Association of Christian Ministers, meeting at stated intervals, not for the exercise of any ecclesiastical authority, but merely for mutual watchfulness and mutual aid. It tells of a new and comparatively unsettled region, where the watchmen on the towers of Zion were few, and increasing in

number slowly. The “day of roads” had not yet come between the Green Mountain range and the “lordly Hudson,” which had been a highway of travel for more than a hundred years. Separated from the rest of the Commonwealth by forbidding mountain barriers, and an unexplored wilderness reaching eastward almost to the river that divides Vermont and New Hampshire, these fertile and salubrious valleys and slopes were, for a long period, comparatively an unknown region. Geographically speaking, we belonged to Connecticut or New York rather than to Massachusetts, and settlers were creeping up from the former State on the south, and from beyond the Hudson on the west, and establishing here families and communities, whose names — borne by their descendants of the third and fourth generations — still tell the origin of many of our towns. But the geological conformation of this region, influencing thus the early settlement of the County, and drawing us into familiar relations with the States on the south and west of us, if it has interposed obstacles to the freest and readiest intercommunication with the central and eastern portions of the Commonwealth, has served at the same time to preserve to us our identity and individuality of character, and our independence of thought and feeling, in a degree quite remarkable.

The natural connection of this region with the south rather than the east, made practicable, moreover, the formation of a certain informal Association, which had being before that whose existence for a hundred years we to-day commemorate. Bound by no formal rules, and meeting at no stated times, there was, for many years, a fraternal gathering of ministers here for mutual consultation and benefit, which lacked but little of giving an earlier date to this our Centennial. Those who met in those gatherings, few though they were, and coming from places widely sundered, were men of such mark that history delights to record their friendship and the occasional mingling of their counsels. Sometimes at our neighboring town of Great Barrington, then numbering only about thirty white families, — an outpost as it were of civilization, — sometimes in this town, less populous still, and with a people composed

more largely of the red race than the white,—and sometimes in a comparatively obscure and distant village of Connecticut,—there might have been seen three humble and simple-minded ministers of religion, assembled occasionally for mutual fellowship and counsel, each of whom was to leave to after generations an enduring fame. I need hardly say they were Edwards, Hopkins, and Bellamy; supplemented, at a later date, by the added presence of West, when Edwards, by a mysterious providence, had been taken away. A mighty Triumvirate!—even when the greatest of their number had given place to another,—whose works and worth have impressed themselves upon the religious thought and feeling, nay, given distinct tone to the religious thought and feeling of more than one continent. What questions were discussed and what points of Theology and Philosophy were settled—for some generations at least—by those few men assembling from time to time in the obscurity of their wilderness homes! What decisive arguments were elaborated in the quiet of their humble libraries, in regard to

“Providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
Fix'd fate, freewill, foreknowledge absolute!”

The treatise of Edwards on the Will;—Bellamy's “Wisdom of God in the permission of Sin” and “True Religion delineated,”—Hopkins's “System of Divinity,” and West's “Treatise on Moral Agency,” are as well known to students now as they were at the time of their first publication, and they stand each as a landmark in the progress of opinion.

As there were “Reformers before the Reformation,” so these giants were associated here before there was any formally organized Association. We can not, as we would not, forget them to-day. By a felicitous appointment, not dependent altogether upon the superior antiquity of this church, you meet upon the very ground trodden so familiarly by two of these men “mighty in the Scriptures,” and almost within sight of the home of the third. The dwelling under whose roof Edwards composed his Treatise on the Will, his essays on the Nature of True Virtue

and on Original Sin, as well as a large part of his History of Redemption, still stands, hardly changed from what it was when he went in and out at its doors. The abode of West, hard by on yonder hill, beautiful for situation, commanding a loveliness of scenery that should have wrought into poetry the sternest syllogisms of his logic, has given place to a more modern structure. And yet the old house lives in the newer one built out of it, as his old theology, in the dress of a modernized phraseology, lives in the Christian dogmatics of the present day. The well-worn floor of Dr. West's study, thinned to a mere shell at the place where his feet oftenest touched it during the many years of his protracted student-life, may be seen now, by any one curious to look at it, preserved in the modern structure; though a carpet, such as his eyes perhaps never saw, now conceals it from ordinary view.

But I must not linger thus upon the memories of the day, or I shall seem to have usurped the place so fitly assigned to another. Let it be my excuse to him, however, for any seeming trespass, that I have been speaking not of the well-known "Berkshire Association," but of something still more remote in history, and so these words may even claim to be the appropriate introduction to his.

One hundred years ago there were but five members of the Association. Now, we may use the language of the patriarch Jacob, when returning to his ancestral home, "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Two Associations now occupy the place of the former one; and their membership numbers twenty-nine resident within the bounds of the County, and with those still connected with us, but resident elsewhere, not fewer, I believe, than forty-three.

At the formation of the Association, the white population of the County might be reckoned by hundreds. Now it is not less than fifty thousand.

Then, it was the Red-Man's home,—the scene of his industry in the chase, his fierceness in the fight. Covered with dense forests, save along the principal streams, it was, indeed, almost a pathless wilderness. Now the aborigines are forever gone.

The railway spans the region from north to south and from east to west, and the neighing of the iron horse fills with its echoes the hills that then resounded only with the wild whoop of the savage or the howl of the hardly wilder beasts and birds of prey. Then, this was most truly a heathen land and missionary ground. Almost the first white settlements here were made in the interest of missions. Hard by this house of worship, and these many attendant signs of civilization and culture, stood the Indian church and schoolhouse, as the first dwellings of the missionary are still standing.

“ What change ! through pathless wilds no more
The fierce and naked savage roams ;
Sweet praise, along the cultured *slopes*
Breaks from ten thousand happy homes.”

Welcome, welcome friends, to scenes so changed from those which met the eye when the Association, whose centennial we come to commemorate, had its humble beginning. Welcome, to see and to hear, to revive the memories of the past as you look and listen to-day, and to gather fresh faith and inspiration for the future. Behold what God hath wrought ! The wilderness has been made to rejoice and blossom as the rose ; the missionary field in which a Sergeant, a Hopkins, and an Edwards early ministered, long ago became a source of missionary efforts in behalf of others ; and for more than a score of years before our great American Board of Missions was formed, the “ Berkshire and Columbia Missionary Society” had been sending out its preachers as far as the distant waters of the Susquehanna.

And as the religious lessons of the place and the occasion are refreshing and inspiring, not less so, in this time of our country’s trial, are those of a patriotic nature. It is on record that before the outbreak of the revolutionary war, a Congress, as it was then called, of deputies of the several towns in the County, was held in the very town where we are now assembled, for the purpose of considering what should be done to redress the grievances which were suffered in consequence of the oppressive measures adopted by the British Government in

reference to the Colonies. At that Congress, a solemn league and covenant was entered into, pledging the people of this country neither to buy nor to consume any goods or wares of British manufacture.

Nor did the patriotism of the Berkshire of the olden times expend itself in leagues and resolutions. The news of the battle at Lexington reached this region at noon of the second day after its occurrence. The rising sun of the very next morning was reflected from the glistening bayonets of a Berkshire regiment already on the march to the scene of conflict, followed swiftly by another. Shall Berkshire respond less readily now, as once again, from our worthy Chief Magistrate, comes the call for new regiments to engage in a struggle more sacred if possible, and more momentous in its issues, than that of the Revolution? I will not believe it; but rather, that gathered on this historic spot, we will baptize our piety and our patriotism afresh to-day, and prepare to strike with new zeal and earnestness for God and our country.

And so again I say, — Welcome.

The Rev. Dr. Hewett, of Bridgeport, Conn., now led the audience in prayer. The 77th Psalm was then sung.

Let children hear the mighty deeds,
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known —
His works of power and grace;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Historical Discourse, by Prof. Albert Hopkins, of Williams College.

“WHOSE ARE THE FATHERS.” — *Romans ix. 5.*

This clause is one, among several others, descriptive of the rich legacy inherited by the Jew. It is an item in the list, and as it stands last but one in the order of enumeration, we may believe a very precious item in the eye of the sacred writer. Our ancestors bequeath to us their estates, and we value them as evidences of their industry, their economy, and their provident love for us. But they do more than this,—they bequeath to us *themselves*, — a bequest far more precious than their estates. Our fathers, brethren, were worth more than their farms, — infinitely more. These were it may be meagre in extent, lean in soil, — a few roods in the vale or a few acres on the hillside, — now tilled by tenants we know not who. Precious spots they were, as the scene of our first impressions, and always will continue to be. But it was the fathers and the mothers who made them what they were to us. It was the inspiration of their character and virtues which invested them with whatever of true value they possessed, and whatever of sacredness there may now be in the remembrance of them. As a matter of mere thrift, of mere outward prosperity, we owe everything to our fathers. Not to their shrewdness, their skill in driving bargains, their adroitness and success in accumulating. It was the ability which they had and which they exercised of laying broad and deep the foundations of good Christian neighborhood, which made them benefactors of their time, and of ours in a physical and material point of view. I care not whether they were very shrewd men or very rich men. They might have been either or both, and had they been nothing more, a condition of society would have ensued, lacking in almost every element of *material* prosperity, which we now enjoy. There are many neighborhoods in the land where property is worthless, because they are not fit places to live in morally.

But the outward prosperity, which we enjoy through our fathers, is incidental and secondary. It comes to us in accordance with that spiritual law asserted by our Saviour, which con-

nects with the kingdom of God all other things. But the main thing — that which is vital, that which underlies all else, let us never forget, is the kingdom itself. And here, pre-eminently, the fathers were their own best legacy. What they were in themselves, intrinsically, as Christian men, was their highest possible bequest. For one, I am free to confess that I would not exchange the impressions made upon me by some of those of whom it is my purpose to speak for anything material, however costly ; and in this I only represent and express the sentiment of numbers present, in whose minds the memory of the fathers is yet green.

JOHN SERGEANT.

I shall now, in accordance with the implied wish of the Association, in requesting a *commemorative sermon*, proceed to give a brief portraiture of a few of those men who have adorned the annals of the church in this county ; who either as wise master-builders, laid the foundations of our religious and social order, or who have, not less wisely, built thereon. First among these, in the order of time, stands the name of Sergeant, a name more intimately associated than any other with the aborigines of the country. Like the first pioneers of Christianity, he felt an ardent desire to “preach Christ where he had not been named.” Not able to wait, it would seem, for the expiration of an engagement at Yale College, where he held the office of Tutor, he obtained leave of absence, and came on a tour of exploration to the valley of the Housatonic, in the autumn of 1734. Here he found the Indians on whose welfare his heart was set, mingled with a few whites, whom the Indians regarded, and perhaps justly, as so much worse than themselves, that they felt little inclined to exchange their religion for another, of whose fruits they supposed they had seen a fair specimen.

The first work of the Missionary, evidently, was to disabuse the minds of the natives of the notion that nominal and real Christianity are the same thing, — a difficult task, and one which could be executed only by the exhibition before them of a genuine Christian spirit. How successful Mr. Sergeant was in this

attempt, appears from the fact, that when he returned, in the winter, to his tutorship, two of the principal men, one of whom was Captain Konkapot, entrusted their sons to his care. With this interesting charge he returned to Yale, to instil, as he was able, into the minds of these youthful savages the first principles of learning and religion; while at the same time he was teaching, in class, such men as Burr, Bellamy, and others, whose praise was afterwards in the churches.

The incident in the life of Sergeant to which I have just referred seems to have antedated, in a very striking way, another incident, in its relations and consequences of still deeper interest. I refer to what took place many years afterwards, when the Rev. Edwin Dwight, one of the lineal descendants of Sergeant, and formerly one of the ornaments of this Association, found, on the door-steps at Yale, Henry Obookiah, "a stranger and took him in." There are those present who can remember when Mr. Dwight brought Obookiah to Church, at the old meeting-house on the hill, in the days of Dr. West; and how thus, from feeble beginnings, and through mysterious Providences, the Sandwich Island Mission had its origin, of whose later history and success all the world knows so well.

The ordination of Mr. Sergeant, and the setting of him apart, formally, to the ministerial and missionary work, took place at Deerfield the ensuing August, under very solemn and imposing circumstances. Governor Belcher had made an appointment to meet, at that place, delegates from several Indian tribes, for the ratification of treaties and the exchange of pledges with them. He ordered his secretary to notify Mr. Sergeant, who had returned to Stockbridge immediately after the Commencement at Yale, to instruct him to be present at Deerfield, with as many of the most prominent Indians of his charge as were willing to accompany him. This delegation reached Deerfield on the 29th, and it was arranged that the ordination should take place on the succeeding Sabbath, the 31st of August. Due notice of the appointment had been given to the neighbouring ministers who were present. Governor Belcher, with his Council and a large delegation from the Legislature, were in

attendance. The chiefs, who had come to confer with the executive, were also there. A special place was assigned to the delegation from Housatonic, among whom the youthful missionary was seated. The governor then having been inquired of, “whether it was his pleasure that the pastor should proceed to set apart the candidate,” Mr. Sergeant was ordained, the Indians rising in a body in token of their acquiescence.

Few scenes, if any, in our religious annals are more worthy of being immortalized on the canvas than this. No occasion, probably, drew together so large a number of distinguished clergymen, civilians, and military men,—the elder Edwards, then of Northampton, and in the prime of life,—Governor Belcher, a man honored by the State, and, like most of the governors of Massachusetts, honoring the State,—the statesman, the Christian gentleman, and the fast friend of the red-man,—the elder Colonel Williams, soon to become father-in-law to Sergeant, and his gallant and afterwards more famous son, now just of age,—the more noted border chiefs, with their characteristic costumes,—and many elect ladies, who we may be sure, were praying, at such an hour, for the enlargement of Christ’s kingdom. *

But we must return to Stockbridge, where the trials incident to other missionaries were to be encountered,—perils among the heathen, perils in the wilderness,” and one peril which the apostle does not enumerate—perils among the Dutch, who, it seems, were determined to flood the new settlement with rum. Mr. Sergeant and his friend Captain Konkapot had the wisdom to see that the evil admitted of but one remedy—total abstinence; which, for a time at least, the Indians seem faithfully to have practised, much to the chagrin of the Dutch speculators.

In the mean time, the news of what was transpiring here reached England. The Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cumberland, and other distinguished persons, contributed in aid of the mission. Dr. Watts raised £ 70 among his friends, which he transmitted to Mr. Sergeant through his friend the Rev. Dr. Colman, of Boston. And here I may, perhaps, be indulged

in relating a little family incident. Dr. Watts sent, also, to Dr. Colman a copy of his Treatise on the Mind. This was in 1741. The ensuing year, Dr. Colman forwarded this volume as a present to Mr. Sergeant. His first child, a daughter, who was born the year the book was sent, and who was the first white child born in Stockbridge, inherited this book; and becoming afterwards the wife of Col. Mark Hopkins, the volume is still retained in the family, with the autograph of that distinguished and excellent man Dr. Watts, to whom not only the churches in America but in all the world are so much indebted.

I would gladly follow the devoted Sergeant in his labors and trials with the people of his charge, and ask you to accompany him in his mission tours, which extended, sometimes, to the Delaware, and even to the Susquehanna. I would have you present of an evening when David Brainerd came to study the Indian language,—that strange, difficult, guttural tongue which the Indians used to say Mr. Sergeant knew better than themselves. To appreciate the difficulties of such a task, we should have lived in Stockbridge when Peter Pohpqonnopect was deacon, Josiah Quinequant was constable, Solomon Wah-haun-wun-wan-meet and John Nau-naum-pe-tonk were selectmen, and David Nau-nau-nec-ke-nuk was tythingman. But I must close this sketch, and shall do so by quoting the language of Mr. Sergeant's intimate friend and biographer, Rev. Samuel Hopkins, of West Springfield:—

“Mr. Sergeant was just, kind, and benevolent; compassionate to the afflicted, liberal to the poor, friendly to his enemies, and anxious to save the sinner from death. He was careful not to speak evil of any one. No envious or unkind word fell from his lips, and no resentment was excited by the injuries he had received. His cheerfulness did not degenerate into merriment, nor his seriousness into melancholy, but he seemed always to have the quiet possession of himself.” With such a character he could hardly fail to attach his flock to him. This was testified to by their fervent prayers in concert, when he lay dangerously ill, and by the quaint yet touching words written by one

of their number, and still legible, I believe, on his tombstone, ending with the line, “I’ll go to heaven, and I shall find my Sergeant there.”*

SAMUEL HOPKINS.

Contemporary with Sergeant, during the latter half of his ministry, was Samuel Hopkins, then a young man, but afterwards well known as a theological writer and a philanthropist. He came to Great Barrington, then called Housatonic, on the 2d of July, 1743. I shall better introduce him to you, and at the same time give you some glimpses of the times, by reading a few extracts from his private journal.

This journal, from which the compilers of Hopkins’s Life have quoted largely (without giving credit), has been preserved by Rev. C. Durfee, and may be found in his rare and valuable collection of manuscripts : —

“ HOUSETUNNUCK, Sunday, July 3, 1743.

“ PREACHED here to-day in the forenoon from 1 John, v. 12. Had some freedom. In the afternoon, John iii. 36. Had a greater liberty in speaking this afternoon. No visible effect of the Word to-day; though the mass of the people seem to be serious and attentive. Mr. Hubbard has sent a desire, this evening, that I would go and preach for him, there being a Fast appointed, on the account of the drought and the worms, which devour, in some places, almost all before them.

* Visiting the graveyard on the evening of the anniversary at Stockbridge, I found the inscription above referred to still legible. I quote the entire stanza, as preserved by Miss Electa Jones, in her excellent History of Stockbridge : —

“ Where is that pleasing form? I ask; thou canst not show.
He^s not within, false stone! There^s nought but death below.
And where^s that pious soul—that thinking, conscious mind?
Wilt thou pretend, vain cypher, that with thee enshrined?
Alas, my friends, not here with thee that I can find;
Here^s not a Sergeant^s body, or a Sergeant^s mind.
I’ll seek him hence, for all^s alike deception here;
I’ll go to heaven, and I shall find my Sergeant there.”

Dr. Porter, of Catskill, said “that the graveyard in Stockbridge would be a solemn place in the Resurrection.” Few spots are more sacred, and few more beautiful, as the grounds are now laid out. The mild light of an October sunset added to the grave, though not sad, impression of our visit to this consecrated place.

“ SHEFFIELD AND HOOSTONOK, Monday, July 4.

“ Made some attempts, in the forenoon, to study a sermon to preach at Sheffield. Set out to go there in the afternoon, and preached in Mr. Hubbard’s pulpit from Esther iv. 8. Had some freedom in speaking. Afterwards returned to my lodging-place; was treated very civilly by Mr. Hubbard. Mr. Brainerd lodged with me to-night. He came, now, from the Indians, where he has been for some time, and suffers much among them by not having conveniences, and things proper for diet and lodging.

“ HOOSTONOK, July 5, 1743.

“ Rode to-day out to Number One, 10 miles from this place, and heard Mr. Sergeant preach a sermon, there being a Fast among this people to-day; after which I preached a sermon from Esther iv. 8. Had no great matter of freedom. I perceive that Mr. Sergeant was not well pleased with it. He made several objections against it to me; and though he did not in plain words say so, yet he evidently disliked my preaching without notes. It may be that I am in the wrong in thus doing; but I do not see it yet. Oh that God would lead me in the way that I should go!

“ HOOSTONOK, Wednesday, July 6, 1743.

“ Preached this afternoon to a small number of people from Psalms lxxv. 4. Was very much shut up, both in praying and preaching. Who can be content to preach with so little zeal for God, and so little desire for the good of souls?

“ STOCKBRIDGE AND HOOSTONOK, July 7.

“ Rode from Hoostonok to Stockbridge to-day, about 8 miles distant. Went to see Mr. Sergeant, and in our discourse he denied that the Apostle spoke of himself in the 7th chapter of Romans. We had some talk upon it, but brought nothing to a point. I am not satisfied whether it is from an Arminian principle or not that Mr. Sergeant holds this. I know many Arminians are of his mind as to this chapter.”

A very creditable record of his first week’s work, during which he preached three times to the people of his future charge, visited Mr. Hubbard, who, it appears, was already settled in Sheffield, keeping a public fast with him and preaching for him, visiting Number One, which seems to have been Tyrringham, where another fast was kept, and preaching, paying his respects to Mr. Sergeant, at Stockbridge, besides entertaining his friend and old college acquaintance David Brainerd, at his own lodgings.

One other extract I will give, as showing the structure of Dr. Hopkins's mind; particularly the disposition which he had to systematize his knowledge. He seems, also, after the experience of a year or two, to have had a greater deference for the opinion of Mr. Sergeant than the first extract would indicate.

June 16, 1744. "Preached to-day from Hebrews xi. 6. 'He that cometh unto God must believe that he is,' &c. Wrote almost all that I preached, and read all that I wrote. I propose to preach a system or body of divinity,—to lay open and explain the fundamental doctrines in their order, and have begun to-day." The system of divinity published nearly half a century afterwards, and which obtained so much notoriety, not only in this country but abroad, may be clearly traced to this date.

To methodize well is always a mark of a comprehensive mind. Dr. Hopkins had this power. He had also another not less essential to profound investigation, viz: the power of applying to a subject what is sometimes called the exhaustive method. As an example of this, his Treatise on the Millennium may be cited. Very little remains to be said on that subject in the way of Scripture citation; though, of course, there will always be room for difference of opinion as to the meaning of those citations.

Disinterested benevolence, involving a supreme regard for the general good, was a favorite theme with Dr. Hopkins; quite fundamental, indeed, in his system of divinity. This principle holds, with him, very much the place which gravitation holds in physics; and it is interesting to see how he brings it in, and by the aid of it, solves various difficult and knotty points in theology. He had no idea that the world was about to slide, gradually and peacefully, into the millennium. On the other hand, he foresaw great judgments impending,—disorganization and dismemberment, both ecclesiastical and political. To his eye dark clouds were gathering below the horizon, and storms and vials of wrath were about to fall. "It may be objected," he says, "that such a dark scene and evil time to take place before the millennium will come, is matter of great discouragement, and tends to damp the spirits and hopes of Chris-

tians, and to discourage them from attempting to promote it. But," he adds, "These evils, both natural and moral, however undesirable and dreadful in themselves, are necessary to the greatest good of the church of Christ, and to introduce the millennium in the best manner; and there will be, then and forever, more holiness, joy, and happiness, than if these evils had not taken place." The evils which were then impending are now beginning to be realized; and it is a very childish and false logic, which would persuade us that they are the worst things that could happen. We ought rather to hail them as the harbinger of a millennium, which will not consist with the enthronement of injustice, and the spoilation of God's poor. A millennium with slavery as one of its appendages, my brethren, we need not have the least fear of. The unalterable instincts of humanity and the still more unalterable decrees of God forbid it.

And this leads me to speak of the relation of Dr. Hopkins to the question of African slavery, as it existed in New England in his day. On going to Newport, the place of his second settlement, he found the practice of slaveholding nearly universal in the place; and among his own congregation, so far as their means would allow. No one questioned the right of it, and all coveted its gains. This sin Dr. Hopkins made up his mind to attack; to the imminent peril of his salary and his settlement, in a place whose pecuniary interests were so deeply involved in the Slave Trade. It was not without trembling that he struck the blow; but a necessity was laid upon him, Yea, woe was him if he did it not. What his views of slavery as a *profitable institution* were, we are not informed. It was not from such a low stand-point as that of pecuniary loss or profit, that he regarded it. He planted himself on the high platform of *disinterested benevolence*. That principle to which many difficult questions in theology had yielded, now came to his aid in the solution of this great humanitarian problem. With him it was not a mere glittering generality,—this love of being in general, which, in the hands of a mere theologian, would have degenerated into an inoperative dead dogma. But Dr. Hopkins was

more than a theologian, he was a philanthropist. Divine revelation was the fountain head of his theology; but he drew from this deep wellspring that he might refresh the needy and the famishing. How far the stand taken by Dr. Hopkins may have influenced the mind of Judge Sedgwick, then a student at law with his brother, Col. Hopkins, of Great Barrington, I have no means of knowing; but it is certain that this eminent civilian and statesman, not many years afterwards, when the State constitution was formed, threw the entire weight of his influence against the perpetuity of slavery, thus securing for Massachusetts that high vantage ground on the vital question of freedom which she has since so steadily and so unflinchingly maintained.

Of Dr. Hopkins as a preacher there is not much time to speak. There is no doubt that he was eminently instructive. Towards the close of his life, soon after Dr. Hyde's settlement at Lee, he visited this county, and preached at Lee, on the occasion of a preparatory lecture, from the text, "Therefore, if thou bring thy gift before the altar," &c. I asked Dr. Hyde what kind of a sermon it was; said he, "It was a body of divinity."

Dr. Hopkins was a mild man, and yet capable of being severe when the occasion called for it. An anecdote, illustrative of this, was told me by the late Dr. Channing. When a boy at Newport, which I believe was his native place, he said he was, one day, in the public library there, and a man was present who was an infidel, and who was very vociferous in his denunciations of Christianity and the Bible. It happened that Dr. Hopkins, a stranger to the man, as Dr. Channing supposed, was at that time in the library consulting some volume. The vehement denunciations of the stranger, of course drew all eyes upon him. In the mean time Dr. Hopkins, aroused from his absorption in the book, turned round deliberately, and "a great silence being made," said to the infidel, "Thou fool." He then fell again into deep meditation over his book. Dr. Channing, who was a mild man himself, said, "it appeared rather harsh, but coming from the source it did, seemed not out of place."

And here I will relieve this discourse, which I perceive will

exceed the length of an ordinary sermon, by reading an Anthem, arranged and set to music by Newport Gardner, a native of Guinea. The history of it is briefly this: Newport, when he had gained a day, used to devote it to labor, with a view, in time, to purchase his freedom. On one occasion he was advised to devote his gained day to fasting and prayer. In this he was joined by Dr. Hopkins and a few of the most eminent Christians in his church.

Before the sun went down Newport was sent for by his master. The messenger was told that he was engaged for himself, this being his *gained* day. "No matter, call him," says Capt. Gardner. Newport appeared, and received a paper, on which was written: —

I, James Gardner, of Newport, Rhode Island, do, this day, manumit and release forever, Newport Gardner, his wife and children," &c. &c.

Having a fine ear for music, Newport then prepared the following anthem, which was sung on his ordination-day, preparatory to his return to Guinea.

"The word which came to Jeremiah from the Lord; saying, write thou all the words which I have spoken to thee in a book. For lo! the days come, saith the Lord, that I will bring again the captivity of my people Israel and Judah, saith the Lord; and I will cause them to return to the land which I gave to their fathers, and they shall possess it. Therefore fear thou not, O my servant Jacob, saith the Lord; neither be dismayed, O Israel. For lo! I will save thee from afar, and thy seed from their captivity; and Jacob shall return, and be in rest and quiet, and none shall make him afraid. Amen. Hear the words of the Lord, O ye African race! hear the words of promise. But it is not meet to take the children's bread and cast it to dogs. Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table. O African, trust in the Lord. Amen. Hallelujah, praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, Hallelujah. Amen.

JONATHAN EDWARDS.

Another name, greatly endeared to, and revered in the American church, now claims our attention,—the name of Jonathan Edwards. His election, by the Commissioners, as the successor of Sergeant was due, probably, to the influence of Hopkins,—who entertained a great veneration for Mr. Edwards, both as an eminently spiritual man, and his master in theology. The acquaintance between these two noted persons had been formed under circumstances quite providential and peculiar. While Hopkins, hesitating and undecided, was pondering on his future course, Edwards came to New Haven and preached that discriminating and noted discourse on “the trial of the spirits.” No person living, probably, was better qualified to speak on such a subject; having been selected by God as a principal instrument in those great revivals which had appeared under his ministry, and which seemed to herald the great awakening under Whitefield, Tennent, the Wesleys, and others, which marked the middle of the last century. After listening to this sermon, Hopkins, who had nearly decided on another course, determined at once to repair to Northampton. The account of his visit and reception there, both by Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, is well worth being read. We are at no loss to know why, afterwards, he should have greatly coveted the near neighborhood of two such eminent and excellent persons. There was no want of *disinterested benevolence* in this, as it was judged expedient that Mr. Edwards should leave Northampton just at this time. He accordingly yielded to the wishes of his friends, and the invitation of the Commissioners, and came to Stockbridge. In this quiet valley he found a degree of seclusion not previously enjoyed, and had leisure to compose some of his most important works, particularly his Treatise on the Freedom of the Will. It appears, also, from his letter to the Trustees of Nassau Hall, that his work on the History of Redemption, which he intended should be the great work of his life, was here commenced. Also a Harmony of the New and Old Testa-

ment Scriptures, “and many other things,” he says, “I have on hand, in some of which I have made great progress.”

The intellect of Edwards was, unquestionably, of the highest order. In the incidents of his childhood and early youth, we discover unmistakable prophecies of future eminence. At the age of fourteen or fifteen, he found “inexpressible delight in the perusal of Locke on the Human Understanding,— more so than the most greedy miser, when gathering up handfuls of gold and silver.” Not less plainly prophetic of his future spiritual eminence were those resolutions which he formed in his twentieth year. Could our youth be imbued with the spirit of these resolutions, we should feel that we had little to fear, whether in reference to the future of the churches or of the nation. Let me read the 47th of these, made we learn from his diary, on a Sabbath morning in June. “Resolved to endeavor to my utmost, to deny whatever is not most agreeable to a good and universally sweet and benevolent, quiet, peaceable and contented, easy, compassionate, generous, humble, meek, modest, submissive, obliging, diligent and industrious, charitable, even, patient, moderate, forgiving, sincere temper; and to do at all times, what such a temper would lead me to,— examine strictly every week, whether I have done so.”

President Edwards had a nice appreciation of natural beauty. His mind was delicately adjusted and attuned to the harmonies of nature; to the grand and majestic as well as the soft and gentle. “I often used,” he says, “to sit and view the moon for continuance, and in the day, spent much time in viewing the clouds and the sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things. And scarce anything, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning.” At the first appearance of a thunder-storm he “used to fix himself in order to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God’s thunder. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower, as we see in the Spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun’s glory; rejoicing, as it were, with

a calm rapture, diffusing around a sweet fragrancy, standing peacefully and lovingly in the midst of other flowers round about; all in like manner, opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

It is quite fashionable to speak of our Puritan forefathers as rigid ascetics, with no love of nature or taste for the beautiful. Within a few years Ruskin has come forward and descended on "sky and clouds," and all the world are running after him. But I should like to be shown in Ruskin or any other author, words more beautiful than those I have read,—more appreciative of what is beautiful and sublime in natural scenes and objects, or more deeply imbued with a religious spirit. It is true that our fathers didn't go to the Adirondacks for a summer vacation. They lived in the midst of them. They had their homes among awful solitudes. "That boundless contiguity of shade" for which the poet sighed was here; and now for the first time it found something responsive to the varied aspects and utterances of its tangled labyrinths in the human bosom.

As a preacher, President Edwards had few equals in his day. He had, his biographer tells us, "the character of a good preacher, almost beyond any man in America." Like the Apostle to the Gentiles, who was called Mercurius, and acknowledged chief speaker, notwithstanding his "thorn in the flesh," Mr. Edwards attained to a very high degree of eminence, although compassed about with various infirmities. Adopting the language, and, no doubt, the crude notions of the day, in physiology,—he tells us, that "his constitution was, in many respects, peculiarly unhappy; attended with flaccid solids, vapid, sisy, and scarce fluids, and a low tide of spirits; often occasioning a kind of childish weakness and contemptible-ness of speech, presence, and demeanor." We may conclude, therefore, that the eminence of Edwards as a preacher was not due to any special rhetorical ability, but to other qualities. To his comprehensive views of the subjects which he handled,—to his keen discrimination of character, and the power which he had, above most men, to weigh in the "scales of the sanctuary" what was unsound in doctrine and superficial in experience;—

above all to his uncommon spirituality, which clothed invisible things with the air of reality in the eye of his auditories. Dr. Hopkins says that “ he made but little motion of his head or hands in the desk, but spake so as to discover the motion of his own heart.”

The testimony of Dr. Chalmers will appropriately close this brief sketch. Speaking of Edwards, he says, “ I have long esteemed him the greatest of theologians ; combining, in a degree that is quite unexampled, the profoundly intellectual with the devotedly spiritual and sacred ; and realizing, in his own person, a most rare, yet beautiful harmony between the simplicity of the Christian Pastor, on the one hand, and on the other, all the strength and prowess of a giant in philosophy ; so as at once to minister from Sabbath to Sabbath, and with the most blessed effect, to the hearers of his plain congregation, — and yet in the high field of authorship, to have traversed, in a way that none had ever done before him, the most inaccessible places ; and achieved such a mastery as had never, till his time, been realized over the most arduous difficulties of our science. There is no European divine to whom I make such frequent appeals in my class as I do to Edwards.”

DR. WEST.

You will anticipate me in the next portrait I shall attempt to draw,—that of Dr. West. There are those present whose recollections of the venerable successor of Edwards are more vivid than mine ; but I shall sketch from memory, and hope the portrait will be recognized by those who knew the original. I seem to be standing on the platform which served the purpose of a long horse-block, at the old meeting-house on the hill. It is a bright Sunday in June. The carriages are winding their way up the hill, through a grove of stately pines, which should never have been desecrated by an axe. The road to the Plain is lined with foot passengers. Wagons are pouring down from what is now Curtisville ; but, then, there were no *villes* ; it was all Stockbridge, from the upper end of the Great Pond to Bar-

rington line. Numbers are coming from Larawaug, and still larger numbers from the East Street. These people have not all absolutely the same creed — probably not — but they are going to the “house of God, in company, with a multitude that keep holy-day.” The galleries are filling up, from the *Indian pew* to the pulpit; and the young man who wishes to get a seat must be in betimes, — and so on the other side of the house. The bell tolls, — and Dr. West, whose punctuality was a part of his religion, appears on the south steps. His three-cornered hat is removed just before he enters the door. He smooths down his hair, which is of silvery gray, and passes up the aisle. The large square pews are full, and Dr. West bows slightly, in recognition of the ancient families which occupy them and have occupied them from time immemorial. He ascends the pulpit, over which a large sounding-board is suspended, and reads that grand old hymn in Watts’s version, —

“Ye nations round the northern sea,” &c.

The choir, which fills the front gallery and stretches on each side far towards the desk, is familiar with the old tunes. Symphony, Majesty, Dalston, Doomsday, (Coronation and Lenox,) and occasionally Denmark for a closing anthem, they are able to render as effectively as any choir in the country. Dr. West rises, — he trembles as he rises, (he said he never rose to preach without trembling,) his preaching is doctrinal, logical, yet often impassioned. The *application* is long compared with the body of the discourse, — personal, searching, — the services are closed. The audience retire, not well pleased many of them, quarrelling however with the subject, rather than the speaker, — as one said to his minister, who inquired if he did not keep close to his text, — “that is it,” said he, “I did n’t like your text.” But I must answer this question, with what feelings are these people retiring from the house of God, a little more particularly; for this, after all, is the hinging, vital question. The question is not whether Dr. West preached an eloquent discourse; but how did the people feel when they

retired to their homes? The experience of an aged member of this church, long since gone to his rest, will throw light on this point. On Sabbath morning, he said, his hopes were bright; but when Dr. West had named his text, laid out his heads, and proceeded some way in the discussion of them, he began to tremble. At the close of the morning service his hope was wavering and unsteady, hardly able to bear him up. In the afternoon it failed him altogether,—as the application drew on his hope was no where; it had quite deserted him. The next Sabbath he had got the different fragments together, and was prepared again, to be weighed in the balances of the sanctuary,—with the same result, and this process went on for more than a year, I think he said for *years*, before he felt himself established on solid ground. Perhaps Dr. West sometimes pulled hopes to pieces which ought to have been cherished; but such hopes did not, as a general thing, suffer in the end from the strict scrutiny to which they were subjected.

Dr. West, though very sedate and even in his demeanor, had a good deal of fervor and fire in his natural temperament. He was not one of the impassive, stolid class of men, by any means. Accordingly, when his views were controverted, especially by able minds, his feelings were sometimes wrought up to a high pitch. I heard a man of the world describe, with great gusto, a scene which he witnessed in the old Red Schoolhouse. The Doctor was holding a conference meeting there; and having given his views on a certain passage, as his custom was, he gave opportunity for any to ask questions, or make any suggestions. There was present, that evening, an individual of a good deal of eminence, both as a civilian and a divine. This was Judge Bacon,—pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, before the Revolution, he became afterwards a judge and a member of Congress. He was a man of strong sense, commanding appearance, and somewhat authoritative and dictatorial in his address. He was a man much larger than Dr. West, and had a much heavier voice. On this occasion, he rose and combated the Doctor's views with great energy. As he proceeded, my informant said he could perceive unmistakable evidence that Dr.

West was getting into a state of great excitement. At length the Judge closed by saying "these are my sentiments on this subject." No sooner was he seated than Dr. West was on his feet, and such a vindication of his views my informant said he never heard.

Dr. West was undoubtedly eminent in a line where all experience shows that eminent success is exceedingly difficult. I refer to expository preaching. We very rarely undertake to expound, brethren, and when we do, our expositions are apt to be rather a succession of discourses than real expositions. Such was not the manner of Dr. West. "I heard him," says the late Dr. Woodbridge, himself a native and ornament of our county, "I heard him preach his celebrated 'Expository Lectures' on the New Testament, and I never read the Evangelists, at this day, without a vivid recollection of the striking remarks and learned illustrations he gave us, of those interesting parts of the Bible." Prof. Dewey, one of his latest pupils in theology, says, "I have often heard from him, in ordinary preaching, splendid passages, evidently prompted by his feelings at the moment, which roused and delighted all the hearers of taste, thought, and devotion."

I have referred to the three-cornered or cocked-hat, as it used to be called, which Dr. West retained to the last. He retained also his small clothes, though he rejected the wig. Miss Sedgwick suggests that, in retaining the former, he may have had some reference to his "well-turned limbs." Perhaps, also, in rejecting the latter, he may have had some regard to a good phrenological development. His features were somewhat sharp, — nose slightly aquiline, — eye blue, or lively gray, — the whole face and head were expressive both of feeling and intellect.

I cannot close this sketch better than by quoting from Miss Sedgwick's letter to Dr. Sprague, — referring to the troubles which came upon him towards the close of his life, of which most good men, sooner or later, have their share. "Then," says Miss Sedgwick, "his integrity, purity, and childlike confidence shone forth; and better than all the sermons ever written,

was the preaching of his forbearance, forgiveness, and almost superhuman patience. He then illustrated and proved practicable that most ennobling doctrine of his Hopkinsonian creed,—a complete self-negation,—a total regard and consecration to the glory of the Creator.”

DR. HYDE.

Among the most useful and eminent of Dr. West’s pupils was Dr. Hyde, of Lee,—a name familiar to us all, though I am reminded that a generation has nearly passed since he left the stage. After his funeral, his son told me that the ferryman, at Hudson, as he crossed the river, knew that Dr. Hyde was dead, and now, though so long a time has passed, his memory is still green and fresh. Dr. Hyde was eminently venerable and apostolical, both in his appearance and in his character. I don’t know, brethren, but it has fallen to your lot to know those whose who possessed these characteristics in a higher degree, but I confess it has not to mine. His temperament was sedate,—his deportment grave, and his whole carriage conveyed the idea of eminent spirituality and sanctity. This impression was due, no doubt, to a certain something in the man, independent of special grace; it was due, also, in large degree, there can be no doubt, to a close walk with God,—to habitual intercourse with things unseen. The Rev. Simeon H. Calhoun, who, in his college days gave small augury of his future missionary career,—on the morning of his senior examination, Dr. Hyde being one of the committee, came into the room with a somewhat defiant air, and rather shabbily dressed. At noon one of his class told me that Calhoun said, “I declare it is too bad to go in and sit there before that venerable old man in such style,” and he went and put on a decent coat, and acquitted himself like a man, as he was well able to do. Dr. Hyde was a man in whose presence one could not be chargeable with indecorum, without being, himself, in some measure sensible of its incongruity.

Dr. Hyde was an eminently prudent man. Not a great while before his death, he spent a Sabbath in Stockbridge, where I

then was, it being vacation. The Doctor intimated that he would like to see me during the intermission. I called, accordingly. After some conversation, he mentioned having recently received a letter from the West,—from which it appeared that off in Cazenovia, Pompey, or some of those towns, “The perfectionists were making great trouble in the churches.” It seemed they were running into all sorts of extravagances, and some of them had gone so far as to lay claim to miracles. As the Doctor was giving an account of these matters, the bell rang, and we walked down to church. I was a little puzzled, at first, to understand the precise object of my visit. The truth was, it had come to the Doctor’s ears that there was some perfectionism, at that time, in Williams College.

Dr. Hyde had a well-balanced mind. There were no excesses or defects to detract from the general weight of his influence and character.

As a preacher he was solemn always. I used, also, to hear the word searching—a very significant word—applied to it. Neighboring congregations were glad, of a Sabbath morning, to see Dr. Hyde pass up the aisle, as he occasionally did, by way of exchange. When the house became very still, and the truth was evidently taking deep effect, the Doctor would pause. “I pause,” he would say,—and many a sinner has had solemn thoughts during those pauses. With little that was demonstrative in his manner, Dr. Hyde had the power to bring truth very close to the consciences of his hearers. In times of special religious interest, which were frequent under his ministry, his preaching became more pungent, searching, and spiritual. The word of God, as wielded by him at such times, became indeed “quick and powerful, a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

DR. SHEPARD.

Intimately connected with Dr. Hyde, his personal friend and life-associate in the ministry, was Dr. Shepard, of Lenox. These two men were very different in the cast of their minds. I was about to say, in some respects, the antipodes of each

other. I would rather say, as Henry says of Peter and John, “they were supplementary to each other.” Dr. Hyde never told a story, or rarely; Dr. Shepard had a fund of anecdote. Dr. Hyde rarely laughed; Dr. Shepard fully made up his deficiency in this respect. Dr. Hyde dwelt but little in poetry; Dr. Shepard could quote Young’s Night Thoughts by the hour. Dr. Hyde was far from anything that could be called oratorical in his public performances; Dr. Shepard had a high appreciation of eloquence, and was, himself, highly gifted in some of the elements of an accomplished orator. Dr. Hyde could read a chapter in the narrative, or didactic parts of the Scriptures, with more effect than Dr. Shepard; but in the rendering of sacred poetry, in the reading of the Prophets and certain of the Psalms, he could not pretend to vie with Dr. Shepard. Nor could any other man, for that matter, with whom I have been acquainted. His voice was one of the highest capacity. You felt that it not only filled the meeting-house, but required more room to expand on every side. But there was something more than voice, — something more than the rules of the rhetorician could give. Indeed all rules were lost and obliterated in some of the Doctor’s flights. Travelling at the West, some years since, I fell in with a gentleman formerly a resident in this county. He said that he was present on a certain occasion, at the anniversary of the Agricultural Society at Pittsfield. The house was crowded, and among others, he saw present a certain lawyer,—a man of great eminence in his profession,—but not a religious man, in whom he was particularly interested. Dr. Shepard was called upon to read the Scriptures. He selected the 148th Psalm;—“Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.” He went on, in his cumulative way, till, as the man expressed it, “it seemed as though the heavens and the earth were coming together. He looked,” he said, “at the lawyer, thinking he cannot stand under this,—he must break down and give up.” To a stranger, this description might have seemed both amusing and extravagant; to me, however, it did not; having, myself, been at Cattle Show, on one occasion when the Doctor was present

and read a Psalm. One more anecdote I will give, illustrative of Dr. Shepard's power on special occasions. A few years since an installation occurred at Williamstown. A distinguished clergyman from abroad was present, and gave the charge to the pastor. It seemed to me one of the most solemn I had ever heard. I remarked this to a member of the Association. He said, "Yes, it was very solemn, but not so solemn," said he, "as that which I received from Dr. Shepard." He then went on to give an account of it, from which it appeared that the candidate came very near being annihilated. He evidently had not recovered from the shock, when he related the incident to me years afterwards.

I have stated several points of contrast between Drs. Hyde and Shepard. Others might be mentioned; but they were in matters not vital. In the grand scope of their lives, in the end which they proposed, and reached, there was an entire harmony. They both built up large and influential churches in central Berkshire, over which they exerted a controlling influence for nearly half a century. Each made his impress upon a large, intelligent community, and that influence was in the same direction. My grandfather, who was a shrewd observer of men, said he could distinguish between a Christian from Lee and Lenox, in a very few minutes. If from Lee, he said, "he was cast in Hyde's mould. If from Lenox, in Shepard's mould." The moulds, as has been said, were not precisely the same; yet the results were, in the main, identical,—Christian men and women — communities of them — well indoctrinated in the Scriptures; cities set on hills, — yes the light and salt of our hill country, were the churches planted and nurtured here, by faithful men, and watered as they often were "when weary," by refreshing rains and dews from heaven.

MR. KINNE.

I feel tempted, here, to introduce another character, personally unknown to the Association, as now constituted; yet his name will not be unfamiliar to you. I refer to the Rev. Aaron Kinne, or as he used more familiarly to be styled, Parson Kinne.

Unsettled, by the awful massacre at Fort Griswold in 1781, he sought an asylum in Berkshire. At this time, long before the American Board of Commissioners was formed or thought of, this Association, let it be said to their honor and everlasting credit, were carrying on an organized system of missionary operation, at the West, and in the new settlements of Vermont. Mr. Kinne was one of those pioneer missionaries, and when his labors in that field were suspended, he enjoyed a welcome hospitality among these churches. He was greatly interested in the prophecies, and wrote ably on that subject; terminating his synopsis with the year 1866 — beyond which date Mr. Kinne, found no place for vials, trumpets, or opening seals.

Mr. Kinne was a tall, spare man, somewhat uncouth in his appearance; but a man of power. He preached a sermon in the old meeting-house, from the text “Who art thou, O great mountain, before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain,” — and I heard Squire Woodbridge, an excellent judge of preaching and of public speaking, give a very graphic account of that sermon. He spoke of it as among the finest efforts he had listened to, — Mr. Kinne died in his chair and died praying.

I have thus given a sketch, necessarily brief, and exceedingly imperfect, of some of the Fathers. I find myself near the end of my discourse; but in the midst of my subject — “for the time would fail me to tell” of Catlin, who, while he could say with Paul, “these hands have ministered to my necessities,” found time for successful authorship; giving us a compend of Theology second to none this country has produced.

Of White, whose amiable countenance was a fair index of his heart, — “Poor in this world but rich in faith,” he was able to train up a large family in the admonition of the Lord, and give to his sons a public education. One of them, a classmate of mine, started for home, toward evening, after our junior exhibition, on foot. He told me, afterwards, that he did not stop till about daybreak, when he sat down on a stone in Hop Brook! This, brethren, was the stuff to make ministers of; and an able, laborious, and successful minister was the Rev. Wm. White, of Orange, New Jersey.

And what shall I say of Wheeler, of Bradford, of Burt, of Goodwin? all of them able men, and some of them eminent as preachers. I could say much; but must close these sketches, by referring to one more name,* intimately and long connected with the churches in southern Berkshire, I refer to the venerable successor of Dr. West. Like him, deeply versed in the Scriptures, and an able expounder of them, he stands amongst us, to-day, a worthy representative of those excellent and able pastors, whose character we have been contemplating; and the only surviving exponent, to us, of the times in which they flourished.

When the Rev. Mr. Jennings, of Dalton, died, he requested that Dr. Humphrey might preach at his funeral, and that *Dr. Field* might be present. These two names he associated with the days, when he went in and out among the pastors; and when the candle of the Lord shone upon him. Of these “one has been taken and the other left,” a monument of the covenant faithfulness of God,—happy in the affection of his former flock, and in the love and confidence of the churches, with whose order and welfare he was so long identified, and whose history, as well as that of the country, he has more than any other one contributed to illustrate and preserve. I esteem it among the happiest circumstances of this gathering, that we are able to meet and greet one who sustains such a relation to the present and the past.

In reviewing the characters which have been briefly sketched on this occasion, we are struck with their individuality. A

* Particularly do I recall a sermon by Mr. Bradford, preached at a time of special religious interest. It was a *law* sermon from the text. “For as many as are of the works of the law are under the curse.” Near the middle of the discourse, Mr. Bradford closed his eyes, and uttered a short but very impressive prayer, especially imploring the Spirit’s presence. The prayer seemed to be answered at once. The place became a Bochim. In the evening, Mr. Burt followed, with the *gospel*, from the words “Come unto me,” &c. Deacon Whiting, of New Canaan, said he had been fed that night. Indeed it was difficult, whether for saint or sinner, to resist the moving appeals of Mr. Burt.

About this time, Mr. Goodwin preached a discourse on the parable of the Good Samaritan. It was a very impressive discourse and was greatly admired by Col. Dwight,—himself, unquestionably, the finest speaker in the county at that time.

more minute account of them would show, that their mutual influence over each other was very great. Still, as a result of the perfect freedom of our religious system, their peculiarities were not merged. Each character stands out, sharply defined. It is the outgrowth of a certain type, realizing its own proper development, independently of any external influences. So that in the midst of general harmony, there is a very striking and beautiful variety. Regarded as mere thinkers, probably we should be disposed to adopt, in relation to them, the language of John Newton in reference to the preachers of his day. He said that if any one should inquire of him who was the *second* preacher of his time, he should be much at a loss what answer to give; but if inquired of, who was the first preacher, he should be at no loss,—Mr. Whitefield unquestionably stood first. So here, we should no doubt agree in giving to Jonathan Edwards the first place as a thinker; but in other respects he may have had his superiors. In fact these pastors, these stars in the Saviour's right hand, were like the stars of evening, which differ not only in their intrinsic brightness, but in the spectral quality of their light, which gives to each its peculiar glory. But not like the literal stars whose light fades when they set,—these, as one after another, they have disappeared, have left the hemisphere all aglow. Their light shines as brilliantly as when it sank beneath the horizon; its mild radiance has never left these hills, and never will; no, not when that morning dawns, which they hailed afar off, and, of which they were persuaded, “a morning without clouds.”

It may have been expected, and naturally, that I should draw a part, at least, of the material of the discourse from the north part of the county, where I have mainly resided for the last forty years. Such was my purpose at the outset. But, commencing with the older clergy, and those immediately connected with them, no other course has seemed to be open to me than that which I have pursued. I should be glad to speak of Ralph Wells Gridley, the warm-hearted and devoted pastor, whose church, at one time, I believe, was the largest in Berkshire. I should be tempted also, were there time, from feel-

ings of personal friendship, to attempt a sketch of the Rev. Ebenezer Jennings, already mentioned,—able, eccentric, a man of extensive reading,—critical, familiar with the great reviewers and essayists of the day, who could quote Cecil and talk to you about Stilling,—a man who could *vaticinate*,—some also perhaps have come in, expecting sketches of Dr. Fitch and Dr. Griffin, former Presidents of the College,—the first among the best men of his day, and the last among the most eloquent. Of the Allens also, were there time, we might speak, of patriotic and revolutionary memory. Of the venerable Collins, a gentleman of the old school, and one of the highest type,—and last, not least, the excellent Dr. Hemán Humphrey, of whose good sense, sound judgment, and earnest piety, it would be difficult to speak extravagantly. These names suggest those of Swift, of Perry, of Mills, of Dorrance, of Knight, of Sheldon, and Hawley; all men of usefulness and piety, but whose history and ministry cannot even be glanced at in a single discourse.

I shall not need to apologise for introducing, before I sit down, one more topic; in imitation of Paul, who could not close his address to the saints at Phillipi, without making affectionate and grateful mention, “of those women, who had labored with him in the gospel,” and “whose names were in the book of life.” I have said that our Fathers were worth more to us, than their farms. So our mothers were their own best legacy. They were women who adorned their stations; and were fully equal to the exigencies of the exacting and trying times in which they lived. They were times which tried the faith, the hope, and patient endurance, both of men and women, as they are not now tried; and these ennobling graces, under the moulding power and pressure of the times, were brought out in striking and bold relief. It was not a small thing, to have the charge of infants and growing families, during the alarms and perils of two French and Indian wars; followed by the long and bloody struggle of the Revolution, and the scarcely less critical and harassing period of the Shay

rebellion, which so soon followed, and spent most of its force in the western part of the State.

Under date of November 22, 1745, I find the following entry in the diary of Dr. Hopkins, then at Great Barrington.

"Sometime after midnight, last night, there came a man to my lodgings, and cried out with all earnestness that Stockbridge was beset and taken by Indians, — that there were a multitude of them, able to drive all before them. * * * This news alarmed the whole house and the whole town in an instant." Alarms like these, which were not then uncommon in the border settlements, were for the trial of all, but especially of the mothers, — and history informs us how heroically they stood the ordeal. The wife of President Edwards was a woman of great refinement and discretion. She had not only affection for her husband, but was able to render support and counsel, which he often so much needed. She was undoubtedly one of the holiest women, as her husband was one of the holiest men, that have lived since the days of the Apostles. At the same time she was a woman who had great "prudence in affairs." Dr. Hopkins, who was not overwise in temporalities, says that Mr. Edwards did not "entangle himself with the affairs of this life. He left the particular oversight and direction of the temporal concerns of his family almost entirely to Mrs. Edwards. He was less acquainted with most of his temporal affairs than many of his neighbors, and seldom knew when and by whom his forage for winter was gathered in, or how many milk kine he had, or whence his table was furnished." But Mrs. Edwards knew, — she was at once charitable and economical, meeting David's description of a good man, as paraphrased by Watts: —

"Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves, by prudence in affairs,
And thus is just to all mankind."

And what shall we say of Abigail Williams, the talented and beautiful bride of Sergeant. I mention these qualities, not because they are first; but as God gave them to her let them

be mentioned. She was a woman of mark in those times. She was married a second time to Brigadier-General Dwight, and spent her closing days in Stockbridge, with her son, the venerable Dr. Sergeant. About the year 1790, a young lady from New York, afterwards wife of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, came up to Stockbridge with Madame Dwight. They came in a sloop, and were the sole passengers, occupying about a week in their voyage to Kinderhook, where a wagon awaited to bring them to Stockbridge. This lady, who was then very young, but full of spirit, has left a sketch of her visit to Stockbridge, containing a very graphic account of her venerable friend. A copy of this lively and beautiful sketch is preserved, and I hope a convenient time may occur to read it.* I sent the sketch to the late Nathan Jackson, knowing the just pride he felt in his relation to the Williams's family, and also, that he lived here in his boyhood. He says, in answer,—“The manuscript history of Madam Dwight came safely to hand, and has, I assure you, given me great pleasure. It has brought me back to the scenes of my childhood. I well remember Madam Dwight, and the noble appearance she made in her walks and in church. I knew her two sisters, Mrs. West and Mrs. Thayer. They were three splendid ladies as were ever born of a woman. They were all large, commanding, and splendid persons.” To grace of manners and dignity of person, these ladies added the higher distinction of rare intellectual endowments, with that “ornament of a meek and quiet spirit which in the sight of God is of great price.” They stand before us, with the men whom they loved, honored, and cheered in their trials and labors, as specimens of the refining, elevating, purifying power of that simple faith which they professed, and those institutions which were the legitimate outgrowth of it.

Let not the effect of our meditations on these bright examples be to discourage us, as though such eminence were not now attainable. The same fountains from which they drew are still open and accessible. The times are not less stirring, eventful,

* See Appendix.

and heroic,—the immediate future is more pregnant with grand and awful issues,—the epochs and dates in the midst of which we live, and which are pressing closely upon us, are dates and epochs to which the Fathers, in their communings and reasonings from the Scriptures and from history, were led to attach a deep and even prophetic significance. Let us then add the stimulus of such bright examples, to that which comes to us from these grand, eventful, and, I may say, awful times, so pregnant with issues of the highest moment, not only to us, but to humanity itself. “And when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, we, with those whose virtues we commemorate, shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.”

The Rev. President Hopkins now led the audience in prayer. And the following Hymn, by E. W. B. Canning, Esq., to the tune of Lenox, was then sung: —

Now praise in lofty songs, The God our fathers' knew; To whom all praise belongs, And all our honors due. As years decay, His glory shines	In brighter lines Along our way.
The fathers to their rest, In faith and hope have gone; But many a living breast Attests their triumphs won. The glowing flame Of deathless zeal	
Is burning still, Thro' years the same.	
When in the fiery car To ancient prophet given, Sublime he rode afar Along the heights of Heaven, His mantle fell On him who stood	
By Jordan's flood And bore it well.	
As in the ages past, So in the years to come, That glorious robe shall last, While go its wearers home. God of our sires! Their sons maintain,	
And spread thy reign Till Time expires.	

The Benediction was now pronounced by the venerable Dr. Field.

AT THE TABLE.

After partaking of a bountiful repast, at the public hotel, the intellectual exercises were resumed.

THE CHAIRMAN.—We have received a number of letters from absent friends and former members of this Association; some of which will now be read. The Rev. Mr. Eggleston then read a letter from the Rev. Dr. Chester Dewey, the Rev. Dr. Adams, of Brunswick, Maine; from the Rev. Dr. Crawford, of Deerfield; from the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven; from David Dudley Field, LL.D., of New York, and from some others.

“To the care of Rev. Dr. Todd.

“SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE BERKSHIRE ASSOCIATION.

“I had little knowledge of the Berkshire Association till their meeting in Lenox, at the house of Dr. Shepard, October 20, 1807, when they examined me and made me a licentiate. The license was signed by S. Shepard, as scribe. Graduated at Williams in September, 1806, I studied divinity with Rev. Dr. West, from January, 1807, to the above meeting,—less than ten months.

“How I became a member of the Association I do not know; but, to it I was held responsible; its meetings I attended as far as I was able, and to it I have ever referred as the ecclesiastical body I respected and honored, with full purpose to prove myself a dutiful son of high Puritan parentage, as well as of the true apostolic succession. For, to me the church at Jerusalem, whose pillars were John and James and Peter, was, and is, truly Congregational, and not Papal, or Episcopal, or Presbyterial, or any other model.

“True, I was regularly dismissed from the Berkshire Association, October 10, 1837, and recommended to the Genesee Presbytery, as attested by H. N. Brinsmade, stated scribe; but I never offered the paper to that Presbytery or to any other, preferring the old Association, till, a few years since, I became a member of the Ontario Association of Congregational ministers.

“As I turn to the Association, in the few years succeeding 1807, I see the reverend fathers West, Judson, Collins, Allen, and Perry, all of whom were soon called to higher service; and, to mention no more, those who were in most active middle life, the loved and honored Catlin, Hyde, Shepard, Dorrance, Hinsdale, Jennings, and Knight, all gone to their last account, and most of them long since. Gladly would I name those who were in the membership in later years, with whom sweet counsel and converse was held. But memory calls me to their meetings, ever attended with such order, gravity, decorum, courteousness, suavity, simplicity, and independence, all produced and ruled by a Christlike spirit and fraternal love, and ever prevalent. If a strong, harsh, or illiberal, a worldly or anti-Christian expression was permitted to escape from the lips in the warmth of debate, or from personal or partisan influences, the disapproving look of all the rest was too Christlike to be sustained or to admit

of its repetition. There was allowed no attack of motives, no invectives, no lashing hypercriticism, no personalities. The fathers were moved by a paternal spirit, and the younger seemed to act from filial or fraternal love. Grace had wrought in the hearts of the strongly gifted, humility; while it had raised the less confident to higher spiritual effort and aspirations. They deserved love and honor. God be praised for all his gracious gifts to them and to their successors.

"When the Council, chiefly members of the Berkshire Association, in later years, placed the Rev. Mr. Youmans in the pastorate of the church in Pittsfield, they also ordained me to the ministerial service. That ordination enabled me to be more useful, especially in the twenty-seven years of my residence in Rochester, as I trust, and for which I give thanks and praise to Christ our Lord.

"I should be glad to see the Association on its 'Centennial Celebration,' to join in your worship and praise, and to hear your reminiscences; but my age, while it is a small reason for my presence, may be a great one for my absence. Perhaps I am the oldest living of those who have been members of the Berkshire Association, as I have seen nearly two generations of ministers pass away since my license was given. Yesterday, the 25th, was my seventy-ninth birthday.

"May the blessing of God the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit rest upon you in this centennial and all coming days. In spirit I shall hope to be with you, and to render to our Lord and Master the praise.

"C. DEWEY.

"ROCHESTER, October 26, 1863."

BRUNSWICK, MAINE, Oct. 26, 1863.

MESSRS. TODD, GALE, AND EGGLESTON, Committee, &c.:—

DEAR BRETHREN: I thank you cordially for your invitation to me to be present at the approaching celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the formation of the Berkshire Association. I have delayed my reply too long altogether, hoping, to the last, that I might be able to send an answer of acceptance.

I was born *almost* in Old Berkshire,—in Worthington,—62 years ago, to-morrow, October 27, 1801. My grandfather, Rev. John Leland, *not* "John the Baptist," (as he was wont to designate his cousin, Elder John Leland, of Cheshire,) but "John the Presbyterian,"—was then and was for many years minister at Peru, and must have been a member of the Berkshire Association. For personal reasons, and on many accounts, I should like exceedingly to attend the coming celebration, but am not permitted to do so.

My grandfather was a plain, uneducated man, but *abundantly* supplied with common sense, very shrewd, and very original. He had a commanding person, and an *immense* and at the same time perfectly flexible voice. His memory was of remarkable power. He could recite accurately almost every word of the

Bible, the Hymn Book, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and many portions of the very few other books which constituted his library. He could repeat any man's sermon *verbatim*, at least with scarcely an error, after once hearing it. Yet you may be sure he was never accused or suspected of preaching other men's productions. He usually wrote his two sermons for the week on Monday! often, as he told me, finishing the second "before the women had got their washing done." You would believe it, if you could see the manuscripts. And if you could decipher them, — though there was more *cacography* or *tachyography* in them than *phonography*, — if you could read them, you would know they were his own.

He was, of course, eccentric, yet rather independent and outspoken ; "not half so odd-awd (he assured me) as Taggart of Coleraine," and several others whose names I do not now recall. "Half the stories told about him (he said) belonged to other men." Yet when the old man said this, for I remember him only after he had retired from the ministry, the roguish twinkle of his eye, the powerful Yankee drawl of his voice, the grimace of his countenance, and the action of his whole person, made you believe that, however odd "Taggart of Coleraine" had been, all the stories told of "Priest Leland" might have been true, and several more of the same sort. Would we could retain the freshness and shrewdness and faith of the fathers, along with the superior cultivation which may be the privilege of our times.

My grandfather's "But sermon," is still remembered in some parts of Berkshire. It was preached the year of my birth, 1801, from "Acts v. 1, and first word in the verse, *But*." Not for the oddity of the thing, but with a serious and earnest aim at a certain result; preached first in Peru, to show that there are *Buts* to all *places*; and therefore his parishioners would gain nothing by running away from the hard soil, and steep mountains, and cold winters, and other *Buts* of Peru, to encounter the fever and ague, and a hundred other *Buts* of Ohio; preached afterwards at Dalton, to show that there are *Buts* to *ministers*; and therefore it would be unwise to dismiss young Mr. Jennings, for some other man whose *Buts* might be just as bad.

Those who had been disposed to drive away Mr. Jennings, came to my grandfather, after the delivery of the sermon at Dalton, and promised to keep quiet. Mr. Jennings, for good or for evil, stayed; *But* I fear it will take a great many *But* sermons, to stop the tide of Western emigration.

Forty-five years ago, having attained to the dignity of Freshman in Yale College, I trudged up to Berkshire on foot, in company with my classmate and friend, Rev. Josiah Brewer, to see grandfather Leland. He was now retired from the active work of the ministry; but true to his old habit of seeking improvement from every quarter. Before I had been half an hour in the house, a boy of seventeen, he spoke to me, *sotto voce*, requesting me, if he mispronounced a word, or used any bad grammar, or anything of the sort, to correct him. As he had never had (he said) even fair common school education, he had always sought aid from the suggestions of educated men with whom he happened to meet.

May the grandsons and the great-grandsons have no more nor worse *Buts* than the grandfathers!

In the greatest haste, yours truly,

GEORGE E. ADAMS.

Don't think I write this expecting it to be read in your meeting. It wrote itself!

The following interesting letter from the venerable Dr. William Allen was received while this pamphlet was going through the press. Some personal matters are omitted:—

Northampton, April 8, 1864.

REV. C. DURFEE:—

My dear Sir: I make this answer to your letter of inquiry of March 29:—

A graduate of Harvard College in 1802, I was licensed to preach, June 20, 1804, by the Berkshire Association of Congregational Ministers then in session at Tyringham. There were present Dr. Fitch, Mr. Swift, my father the minister of Pittsfield, Mr. Perry, and Messrs. Hyde, Judson, Catlin, White, and Avery, members of the Association; also, Mr. Waters, Mr. Samuel P. Robbins, Mr. Fisher, Mr. Sanderson, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Morgan were present. Mr. Catlin was the Moderator, who, after my examination, addressed me, directing me to examine myself, to study the Scriptures, and wishing me a blessing from heaven. To my memorandum of this transaction I added the following words: "I praise God that he has given me such advantages, that I have been thought worthy to be licensed to preach. O that God will be with me, and not suffer me to preach myself, but to preach Jesus Christ and him crucified. Depending upon my own strength I can do nothing. O that God would lift me above the fear of man!" Subsequently I wrote thus: "Sunday, July 29, 1804. This day I shall preach for the first time, and preach in my father's pulpit. O that God would deliver me from the fear of man and from the desire of applause,—that I might feel his truth, and might speak with earnestness and affection. O God of mercy! save me from selfish views in preaching thy blessed gospel. May I sincerely and supremely desire thy glory, and the salvation of immortal souls!" One other note is soon added: "July 31. In a few days I shall leave this town to preach in the new settlements of New York."

My father died Sunday, February 11, 1810, aged 67, and in the 46th year of his ministry. I was settled as his successor, October 10, 1810, and remained seven years.

In regard to your inquiry concerning the Berkshire Association of that period, I must refer you to "The History of Berkshire," printed at Pittsfield, 1829, p. 141, &c. I ought to mention, that in 1809, when my father was sinking under his infirmities, and the difficulties which existed in his church and parish, I was the author of a pamphlet, which reproved the conduct of the Associa-

tion towards his church, entitled "An Account of the Separation in the Church and Town of Pittsfield, with Remarks on some Ecclesiastical Proceedings which seem to have violated the principles of the Congregational and Independent Churches of New England," p. 96. It seems that in consequence of the vehement political contention between the Federalists and Republicans of Pittsfield of that period, the former determined to form a new parish, and also a new church,—which was done, August 22, 1809, under the advice, and chiefly by members of the Association. This act I deemed most improper and reprehensible. But the unhappy division lasted only a few years. In 1817 both Mr. Punderson, the other minister, and myself were dismissed; and the two churches were reunited under the ministry of the Rev. Dr. Humphrey.

I am sorry not to find among my papers any memoranda of the Berkshire Association during my residence as the minister of the old Church of Pittsfield excepting the following brief notices. "I was present at the meeting of the Association, October 16, 1804, at Lee. Ministers settled present were, Judson, Kinne, Collins, Ayers, Dorrance, Swift, Hyde, Shepard, Allen, Waters, Catlin, Avery, Morse, Jennings, and Turner. Also present, Sergeant, Osborne, Morgan, W. A., Candidates; and Fisher, Sanderson, Mozeim, and Livingsworth, Students. Question: 'How would Tyre and Sidon have repented if the mighty works, &c.?'" Mr. Kinne preached from Isaiah li. 16, without notes, one hour. Mr. Judson says, the order of Christian graces is, 1, *Love*,—from a view of God's character,—his benevolence only to be seen by a benevolent heart; 2, *Repentance*; 3, *Faith*." "May 7, 1816. Ministers meeting at Tyringham. Subject: Hebrews xii. 2." "June 18, 1816 (3d Tuesday). Association of Ministers at Lenox (at Mr. Shepard's). Question: 'Does the foreknowledge of God imply a decree?'" "October 15, 1816, at 3 o'clock, (at Mr. Dorrance's, Windsor.) 'In what sense are militant saints in a state of probation?'" "Third Tuesday of February, 1817. Association at Dalton (at Mr. Jennings'), 3 o'clock. Question: 'How far can our churches hold communion with churches of other denominations?'"

It was within a few years, from 1806 to 1813, that three of the ministers of Berkshire were called to preach the Massachusetts Election Sermon: Rev. Samuel Shepard, of Lenox, in 1806; my father, Rev. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, in 1808; and myself in 1813.

The Rev. Mr. Brewer now presented to the audience some interesting relics which formerly belonged to Dr. West; and likewise gave the clergymen present some copies of sermons in Dr. West's handwriting.

THE CHAIRMAN: The first speaker that I shall call upon to address the audience is the Rev. Mr. Pennell, of West Stockbridge. Mr. Pennell read a brief poetical effusion, which was well received. We have not been able to obtain a copy of it for publication.

THE CHAIRMAN: The Rev. Mr. Dashiell, of Stockbridge, is connected with

the Sergeant family by marriage, and I now call on him for some remarks as the representative of that distinguished family. Mr. Dashiell's brief address was listened to with interest and pleasure.

The Rev. Mr. Fitch, formerly of New Marlborough, the Rev. Dr. Hewett, and some others were then heard, and we regret that we have no report of their remarks.

THE CHAIRMAN: I have now the pleasure of introducing to the audience the Rev. President Hopkins.

REV. DR. HOPKINS'S REMARKS.

It is one thing, Mr. Chairman, to appreciate excellence, another to possess it. There were some of old who both appreciated and commemorated it; they built the tombs of the prophets and garnished the sepulchres of the righteous, but were far from being either prophets or righteous men. But while it is possible thus to add hypocrisy to wickedness, it is yet due to the great and good of the past, it is due to ourselves and to the world, that they should not be forgotten. Else, where were the force and value of a good example? From no vainglory are we here to-day, but for encouragement and quickening in view of what has been done by those who have gone before us.

We have heard at the church of some of the fathers. Would that we could have heard of more of them. We needed another day for the North part of the county,—for such men as Collins and Jennings, and the Allens, so celebrated for their patriotism, and whose influence was so potent in laying foundations. That, however, could not be, and it only remains to say a word of that faith, and of the institutions under which those men were formed and which they have transmitted to us. Of these the faith is the more important, but as that entered so deeply into the characters of the men already depicted, only their institutions need now be spoken of. Institutions and men act reciprocally on each other, and if we would consult wisely for the future we must understand both the men and the institutions that have gone before us.

Politically, I need hardly say that the institutions of our fathers were those of freedom and of equality before the law. These institutions were established during the time of the men we commemorate, and we have no reason to blush for the part taken by any of them in those trying times. No class of men were more zealous or efficient in securing the liberties of the country.

But, as a body of Congregational ministers, we are now called to look more particularly at that ecclesiastical polity under which these men were formed, and which, as having originated them, is in such perfect keeping with the spirit of our civil institutions. This polity its adherents have never shown much zeal either in propagating or defending. Ministers have not instructed their people respecting it. For myself, I do not remember ever to have heard it alluded to from the desk, or in connection with any occasional service; and hence our people have readily passed to other denominations, and we have been content. In this want of zeal, however, we have not been imitated by our brethren of other branches of the church. It is only last week that I met with an excellent article by Mr. Barnes, defending the Presbyterian polity, and of the characteristics of that polity as given by him, I was happy to find that we can adopt so large a part. And

1. We agree with him that all power in the church is from Christ. He is the Head of the church, and all power not usurped, is from Him.

2. That under Christ all power resides with the brotherhood. It is not from the state. It is not from any body of men within the church distinct from the brotherhood.

3. We agree with him in regard to the parity of the clergy, — that there is, or should be, but one order of ministers.

4. We believe that there should be government in the church. This, however, we would limit to the ends for which the church was instituted, — edification and salvation.

5. But we do not, with him, accept the principle of representative government. This, and the connected fact that we have *churches*, and not *a church*, are our main points of difference.

We believe that the power of the church should be exercised directly by the church. If, for the sake of convenience, it should be thought best to delegate power for any purpose, or to any extent, it may be done; but the principle and method of Congregationalism is, that those to whom the power belongs should themselves exercise the power. If they are competent, and the circumstances allow it, why not? Congregationalism is, in fact, a Democracy. To that word I have no objection, but as it has become identified with polities, and as the term "brotherhood," expresses the relation of equality among Christians, and excludes all others, that is to be preferred. *The government of the church by the church*,—for believing in this we are reproached directly, and indirectly, as chaotic and without government. It is also said that our form of government is less in sympathy with the spirit of our civil institutions, than one that is representative. We think it the reverse. To us it seems of the essence of our institutions that those in whom the power resides should exercise the power directly when they can,—indirectly only when they must, or choose so to do. It is the spirit of our institutions to confide in the people, and to leave to their direct action everything that can be thus left. If the business of the state could be done in primary assemblies, and the principle of representation should be so adopted as to take responsibility and business out of the hands of such assemblies, the whole spirit of our institutions would be changed. In the state the responsibility cannot be thus borne, and the business thus done; in the church it can. A single church is not too large to meet in one place, and do its own business, including all of government that Christianity requires; and in doing this as an independent church, it furnishes the only example of a purely self-governing democracy on the face of the earth. It is said that Jefferson obtained his full idea of self-government by the people from a Baptist Church. Our principle is that of self-government, without which full manhood cannot be attained. Christianity affords the means of realizing this perfectly, and we thus gain an idea of the capacity and possible elevation of the people that we could have in no other way.

If it be said that the body of the church are not fit for self-government, how, we ask, are they to become so? They must become so, or the end of Christianity in them is not reached. We have here the same difficulty as in regard to slavery. *An unfitness which the system itself perpetrates, is made the plea for the system.* How are men to learn to swim but by going into the water? Certainly if a body of Christian men, united for Christian ends, cannot govern themselves, the idea of self-government anywhere and under any circumstances must be given up. Must it be? Without the special aid of God it must. In the absence of his Spirit our organization furnishes nothing to fall back upon. And so we would have it; but we should be utterly discouraged if we could not, like Luther, when all organizations were against him, look up and see that God sustains the heavens without any visible support.

But while we prefer this form of government not only as thus consonant with our civil institutions, but as, in our judgment, scriptural, primitive, apostolical, as implied indeed in what Christ himself said of the government of the church, we yet do not regard it as vital, and would leave others at perfect liberty to choose any form they may prefer. Polity, forms of church-government, are to be valued chiefly as they educate the people by laying responsibility upon them, and as they are adapted to preserve the faith once delivered to the saints. In the first nothing can exceed our system, and we do not think it deficient in the second. But to these externals we would not attach undue importance. We hope the time will come when they will wholly cease to be barriers between those who love the Lord Jesus, and when all such shall work cordially together for the great end for which He came.*

THE CHAIRMAN: The Rev. Dr. Parker, of the Episcopal Church in Stockbridge, I am happy to find is *with* us on this occasion, if not *of* us. The audience will now have the pleasure of listening to some remarks from him.

We regret that Dr. Parker has not favored the Committee with a copy of his appropriate and Catholic address for insertion in this pamphlet.

* Not having anticipated a call for my remarks, a literal copy could not be given. The above is their general scope. M. H.

THE CHAIRMAN: The history of the Berkshire Association has never been written. When it is, may it be done by the historian of Williams' College. I now call on the Rev. Mr. Durfee of Williamstown for some remarks.

MR. CHAIRMAN: If I attempt to say anything on this occasion, I fear I shall speak too long; for I shall wish to preach a sermon; taking for my text the words of the Apostle (Heb. xii. 1): "*Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.*" And what was that cloud of witnesses? Not surely a great cloud of spectators, grouped together and looking down from on high upon the affairs of this world. No; that cloud of witnesses was nothing but a cloud of *examples*, which the Apostle had enumerated in the preceding chapter. Let us now turn and view for a moment that bright cloud of ministerial examples, which has gone before us in our own highly favored Berkshire.

Let us commence with the first church. And which was the first church? It has been intimated and even assumed that the church in Stockbridge is the oldest in the county. The records of this church, prior to the ministry of Dr. West, are lost, and therefore the precise time of its organization is conjectural. I have supposed that the honor of being the older of the two belonged to Sheffield; but will not dwell on this point a single moment.*

Some of that cloud of ministerial examples, which have preceded us in our favored county, have already been appropriately mentioned by Professor Hopkins, in his excellent discourse this morning. I propose to mention some others. I begin with the Rev. Mr. Hubbard of Sheffield,—a sound and faithful minister of the gospel, who continued in the field of his early labors, at that outpost of civilization, twenty-nine years. On account of the failure of his health, he then resigned his pastoral charge, and died the next year at the age of 62; having filled up a peaceful and prosperous ministry.

The Rev. John Keep was his successor; a man distinguished for his natural genius, his finished education, and high attain-

* My remarks were wholly extemporaneous. I will not vouch for the perfect accuracy of my report of them.

ments in piety. The late Dr. West pronounced him the best pulpit speaker that he had ever heard. And when Dr. Wales was elected Professor of Divinity in Yale College in 1782, the other candidates were Nathan Strong and John Keep. Mr. Keep died, greatly lamented, at the early age of 36.

The Rev. Mr. Judson succeeded Mr. Keep; a man of venerable appearance, whom some of us can remember. He was calm, deliberate, and solemn in his pulpit services. "He was esteemed a learned divine, an acute logician, and a faithful evangelical preacher."

The next minister in Sheffield was the Rev. Mr. Bradford, whose fine personal appearance, whose musical voice, whose carefully prepared and well delivered discourses made him one of the most popular preachers in the county.

From Sheffield let us go to New Marlborough. Honorable mention has already been made of Dr. Catlin. But there had been a flourishing church in that place nearly forty-five years at the time of his settlement; and most of the time it had been under the pastoral care of the excellent and useful Mr. Strong, a native of Northampton. His was the third ordination in this county. He died at the age of 62, in the midst of his usefulness.

Pass now to Tyringham; and the first pastor of the church in that place was the Rev. Mr. Bidwell, a man greatly beloved by his people "for his sound judgment, Christian integrity, devoted piety, and extensive usefulness." It was here that the late friend and benefactor of Williams College, Nathan Jackson, received his early impressions and training. It was here too that Mr. Avery and Mr. Dow successively and successfully lived and labored in the ministry.

In mentioning the early clergymen of this county, the good Mr. Ayers, of West Stockbridge, ought not to be overlooked.

But let us now go to Richmond; and who was the first pastor of that once large and flourishing church? The Rev. Dr. Job Swift; concerning whom President Dwight said, that "he possessed sound theological opinions, eminent prudence, and distinguished zeal; combined in the happiest manner with benevo-

lence and piety." He passed the latter part of his life in Bennington, where he was regarded as a patriarch, and at the time of his death was called the Apostle of Vermont."

The Rev. Mr. Perry was the next minister of Richmond; a man whose life furnished a bright example of every Christian and ministerial virtue. He was eminently devoted and useful; uniformly "happy in his people, and they happy in him." He educated their sons at our college, two of whom were Tutors in the Institution.

Of Rev. Mr. Allen, of Pittsfield, and his venerable son, Dr. William Allen, President Hopkins has already spoken.

But the time would fail me to tell of Mr. Collins, of Lanesborough, of Mr. Dorrance of Windsor, of Mr. Swift and Mr. King of Williamstown, of that venerable patriarch, the Reverend Mr. Kinnie, who passed some of his last years in our county; and a long list besides, of whom no particular mention has been or can be made on this occasion.

I must for a moment come back to Stockbridge, where it was my privilege to pass a few of the early years of my boyhood. I well remember the venerable Dr. West. I once asked the late Dr. Porter, of Catskill, whom he considered the greatest divine with whom he had ever been personally acquainted. His prompt reply was, West, of Stockbridge. And he assigned some reasons in support of this opinion. I once put the same question to the late Dr. Emmons, of Franklin. He replied, Niles of Abington was the greatest preacher; West of Stockbridge was the greatest divine. West, he added, was the only man that I was ever afraid of. And I did not fear him so much on account of his extensive learning, or uncommon logical powers, as for his deep acquaintance with the Scriptures. I could never advance a sentiment in his hearing at variance with his, but that, instead of a direct reply, he would rein me up by the side of Isaiah or Paul, and ask me what they thought of such a sentiment. And I could never, said Dr. Emmons, reason against Isaiah or Paul. Dr. West was little in stature, but mighty in intellect; at home in the depths of metaphysical discussion, or when analyzing and unfolding the most difficult

passages in the volume of inspiration ; more than that, “ He was wise to win souls.”

There is another clergyman of our county, who has been mentioned here to-day ; but concerning whom pleasant remembrance prompts me to add a few words. I allude to the Rev. Mr. Wheeler of Barrington ; the man by whom I was admitted to membership in the visible church. Without the aid of a college education, he became a reputable physician. Rescued from skeptical tendencies at the age of thirty, he was from that time a devoted and active Christian. He now entered upon the study of theology with Dr. West ; and in September, 1806, became pastor of the church in Barrington, which at that time contained just twenty members. Here on a small salary and with slender health, he labored faithfully in the pulpit and out of it, cheered by a steady increase of the church in numbers, strength, and spirituality. So that when he resigned his pastoral charge, on account of the failure of his health, at the close of 1822, the church contained 126 members, all walking in the faith and fellowship of the gospel. He died in peace at the age of 53,—not one of the greatest, but one of the best and most lovely men that has ever adorned a Berkshire pulpit. The text at his funeral was well chosen : “ And Enoch walked with God.”

Mr. Chairman : We have spoken of some of the early clergymen, who were such lights and ornaments in our county ; and to whose labors, and influence, and prayers, our beloved Berkshire is so much indebted. But what was there peculiar about these men ? Or wherein did they differ from the clergy of the present day ?

They were greatly in favor of a *permanent ministry*. Their adherence to one field of ministerial labor contributed greatly to their reputation and influence. They were willing to preach for weeks and even months as candidates for settlement. But when they became fully satisfied that the finger of Providence was pointing them to a particular field of labor, and they were once settled there, they expected to remain there. To their people they could adopt the language of one of old : “ Where thou

diest, will I die, and there will I be buried ; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." True, some of them were invited to other fields of labor. Dr. Hyde was once urged to take the Presidency of Williams' College. And when Dr. Nott became President of Union College, Dr. Shepard was invited to become his successor at Albany. But to all such solicitations these good men could say, "I dwell among mine own people."

Again, the early pastors of these churches dwelt more in their preaching, I apprehend, than we now do, *on the distinguishing doctrines of grace.* These doctrines, they believed, are the foundation of all Christian experience, and practice. They labored much to show the harmony there is between Christian doctrine, Christian experience, and Christian duty. Entertaining such sentiments, preaching such truths, living such lives, and daily looking up to God for his blessing,—can we wonder the Saviour held these stars in his right hand and walked amidst these golden candlesticks? Can we wonder that these churches enjoyed great peace and prosperity? Can we wonder that they were favored with seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord? But I have spoken too long. I close in the language of another:—

"These suns are set,
O, when shall others such arise!"

THE CHAIRMAN: Before we separate, the audience will expect to hear some of the laymen present; and I take the liberty of calling upon the Hon. J. Z. Goodrich, of Stockbridge.

MR. GOODRICH. My speech, Mr. Chairman, will be a business one, and very short. The proceedings of this occasion, both at the church and here, should be published. They will be read with deep interest by many who have been unable to be present. I speak now of those who are our contemporaries. But many not yet among the living, who, in years to come, will inhabit these hills and valleys, will be glad to know what was said and done on this first Centennial Anniversary of the

Berkshire Association. Before the end of another hundred years we shall all have passed away, and most of us have been forgotten, but the names of those great and good men who laid broad and deep the foundations of our religious institutions, a hundred years ago and more, and of whom Professor Hopkins has spoken so impressively and with such discriminating clearness and power, will be not less known and honored, and their memory cherished in the churches a hundred years hence than they are now. Surely, then, it is due, not only to those of our own time not here, but to posterity, and those who shall commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of this Association, to print and preserve what has been so justly and appropriately said of those great exemplars and expounders of Christian practice and doctrine, in the early days of Christianity in Berkshire. I therefore move you, sir, that the Committee be authorized to publish these commemorative proceedings in pamphlet form, and I venture to promise, without consulting others, that Stockbridge will be ready to pay her full share of the expense.

This motion, with a few pertinent remarks, was seconded by the venerable Dr. H. H. Childs, of Pittsfield, and adopted unanimously.

Time was now failing, though there were other speakers present, and the audience was not weary. All now joined in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;" and thus closed one of the most delightful meetings it was ever our privilege to attend.

APPENDIX.

The manuscript referred to was copied, some years since, by permission, for Miss Mary Hopkins,—now Mrs. Goodrich, of Stockbridge, a descendant of Madam Dwight,—with the request that it might not be published. Since the anniversary, in October, I have written to President Quincy, and learn that a Memoir of Mrs. Quincy has been recently published, edited by Miss Eliza S. Quincy. A limited number of copies only were printed, as the Memoir was intended only for private circulation. Miss Quincy kindly allows me to extract, and publish in an Appendix, so much of her mother's diary as had respect to her visit to Stockbridge. Some parts of the extract refer to other characters than Madam Dwight. As furnishing, however, a lively picture of the times, the whole will, no doubt, be acceptable.

EXTRACT.

"Madam Dwight, of Stockbridge, a friend who had passed many weeks at our house before the war, came in 1786 to revisit us. The daughter of Colonel Ephraim Williams, senior, she married Mr. Sergeant, of Stockbridge, who died in early life, leaving her a widow, with a daughter and two sons. She afterwards became the wife of Colonel Dwight, one of the leading men of Massachusetts in his day. Their children were Henry Dwight and Pamela, afterwards Mrs. Theodore Sedgwick. Madam Dwight was again left a widow, and in 1786 was upwards of sixty years of age, tall and erect, dignified, precise in manner, yet benevolent and pleasing. Her dress, of rich silk: a high-crowned cap, with plaited border; and a watch, then so seldom worn as to be a distinction,—all marked the gentlewoman, and inspired respect. She was a new study to me, and realized my ideas of Mrs. Shirley, in "Sir Charles Grandison," and other characters I had read of in works of fiction. When she returned home she asked me to accompany her: and to my great joy her request was complied with. We went up the Hudson in a sloop, in which we were the only passengers.

We were nearly a week on the Hudson before we arrived at Kinderhook, twenty miles below Albany, where we visited the family of Mr. Van Schaick, a house of good old-fashioned Dutch hospitality and wealth. There I saw the modes, life, and manner of treating domestic slaves, described by Mrs. Grant, of Leggan, in her "Memoir of an American Lady." The elderly men and

women were very familiar, and exercised as much influence over the children of the family as their parents, yet they were respectful and attentive toward them and their master and mistress.

Three brothers of the name of Van Schaick resided near each other. Two of them, having no children, had adopted those of their brother and of their sisters, and were regarded by them with filial affection.

We stayed at Mr. Van Shaick's till the wagon came for us from Stockbridge. The first thing that attracted my attention was a fish, for a vane, on the steeple of the church. I said to Madam Dwight, "How could they put up a poor fish, so much out of its own element? It ought, at least, to have been a flying fish." She seemed much diverted at my remark, and repeated it to her friends, confessing that she had never thought of this absurdity herself, or heard it mentioned by others. Dr. Sergeant, Madam Dwight's son by her first marriage, resided in her mansion-house, where she retained the best parlor and chamber for her own use. He was an excellent man, and the best physician in that part of the country. We were joyfully received by him and his family. As I was fatigued, Madam Dwight took me to her room and again expressed her pleasure at having me with her. I can never forget her affection and kindness. Her precepts and example made an indelible impression in favor of virtue and true piety. Her temper and character formed a living mirror which reflected an image of such loveliness that my heart was firmly bound to her. She made me her companion, read to me, and talked to me with the confidence of a friend.

When, on the morning after our arrival, the window-shutters were opened, the valley of the Housatonic, softened by wreaths of vapor rising over the mountains under the beams of the rising sun, seemed to my enchanted vision like fairy-land. I exclaimed, "O Madam Dwight, it looks like the Happy Valley of Abyssinia. There is the river, and there are the mountains on every side. Why did you never tell me of this beautiful view?" My friend seemed surprised at my enthusiasm. Long familiar with the scene, she hardly realized its beauty. I became attached to her grand-daughter, and passed several months in Stockbridge. Her daughter, Mrs. Sedgwick, lived upon "The Plain," as it was called, in distinction to "The Hill," where Dr. Sergeant resided. The church with the fish vane was a mile from both, half-way up the hill, to reconcile contending parties that divided the town, but without accommodating either. It was, however, in a very pretty situation,—in a grove of pine trees. On Sunday I rode to church on a pillion, behind Patty Sergeant. The family went in a wagon, except Madam Dwight, who had her chaise.

Dr. Partridge, a very singular character, resided with his sister, Mrs. Sergeant. He used to ride about the country, on an old, pacing horse, to visit his patients, with his saddlebags full of medicines. In dress and appearance he resembled a Quaker. Possessing some property, and being a very humane man, he often gave advice without fee or reward. Like Johnson's friend, Dr. Lerett,—

"His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless anguish poured its groan,
And lonely want retired to die."

Their spheres of action were widely different,— one relieving suffering in the dark abodes of London; the other among the mountains and valleys of a beautiful country; but simplicity, benevolence, and industry marked them both. To keep aloof from every one at the church, Dr. Partridge constructed a pew in one corner, near the ceiling, to which he ascended by steps from the gallery; and so great was the respect in which he was held, that this singular arrangement excited neither observation nor ridicule.

When I was recalled home, I parted from Madam Dwight with great reluctance, and she evinced equal sensibility. She endeavored to comfort me by saying that she would visit New York the next spring, and that I should return with her. But she was prevented from executing this intention, and when I revisited Stockbridge, in 1792, my friend was no more. I could not consent to stay at Dr. Sergeant's, where everything reminded me of the loss I had sustained, but I passed several months at Mrs. Sedgwick's, whose daughters often stayed at our house in New York. The remembrance of Madam Dwight yet awakens feelings of deep interest and gratitude; and her letters, which I have carefully preserved, confirm my youthful impressions of her affection and excellence.

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